THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

MISCELLANY.

For The Port Folio.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

TRAVELLING through the United States of America, a *foreigner*, but not a stranger, and solicitous to make accurate remarks, that he might draw correct inferences, the delineator of the PICTURE OF BOSTON confides in the *accuracy of his outline*, and that the individual features he has portrayed *closely resemble the original*; however the tints may fail in felicity of colouring, or be considered deficient in the distribution of light and shadow. The painter has, at least, *seen and studied* what he describes, and, *at the present moment*, having in his design nothing beyond a sketch, true in character, though possibly deficient in finishing, as such it is presented for engraving to The Port Folio: happy in being given to the American world through the medium of a publication which would confer honour, and obtain patronage, in any country where letters are appreciated and native talents estimated, beyond the adventitious acquirement of wealth, and the assumed aristocracy of its vulgar pretensions.

CARADOC.

PICTURE OF BOSTON:

A FRAGMENT.

BOSTON, thou mart admir'd, whose prosperous care
To *Mammon* breathes the vow, and pours the prayer,
Whose throng'd Exchange, to *christian jews* a prey,
Scares the kind hope of liberal trade away;
GOLD IS THY GOD, on that thy soul relies,
Beneath whose worship every virtue dies,
Hence the hush'd banker, scorning to relent,
Till his stor'd coffer teem with cent. per cent.
Sees the cramm'd usurer, doubling every claim,
Lend to the struggling wretch his CAUTIONED name.

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Yet fair thy hills, in summer pride are seen,
The bright stream curling mid their slopes of green,
While the near ocean, broadening on the view,
Gives all *Pheacia* sought or *Carthage* knew.
Even MAN, whose mind the stamp of wisdom bears,
And in the image of a God appears,
Those "sons of soul," by heaven to earth resign'd,
Friends! patrons! and instructors of mankind!
Even these are seen mid severing clouds to shine,
And all the splendour of their fame is thine.

Beneath thy temple's holiest veil retired,
See the blest preacher, by his God inspir'd,
Warm from his lips the words of life descend,
Yet these the coldness of neglect attend.

Though *Kirkland* all the lore of truth disclose,
And *Lowell*'s heavenly voice instructive flows,
M'Kean, of feeling heart, with soul refin'd,
Rich in the glowing energies of mind,
Powerful, yet mild as the transcendent light,
That radiant rules those speaking orbs of sight;
With him so loved—*the wanderer from thy clime*—
Ere his green years had bloom'd in manhood's prime,
In judgment ripen'd, and in thought mature,
His doctrine, like his sacred morals, pure,
Though *Gardiner*, SON OF GENIUS, round the shrine
Of pastoral care the Muse's chaplet twine,
Say, can these bid the narrowing heart unfold,
Or show its hope a heaven more prized than gold?

Within thy courts while Law and Justice reign,
While Learning lends to Truth the impressive strain,
Seen are thy tradeful sons; but Genius pines,
For him no favouring ray of fortune shines,
Though as her *Mansfield*, Britain's noblest claim,
Thy *Parsons* blends his glories with thy name,
In all the patriot pride to *Sparta* known,
Lives to thy interest, mindless of his own,
Though classick *Gore* the honour'd robe adorn,
And *Otis* rises, like a vernal morn,
Clear, brilliant, sweet, in Nature's gifts array'd,
Where not a cloud obtrudes its devious shade,
Though *Dexter*, with the strength of reason fraught,
On the charm'd *forum* pour the depth of thought,
While still, with speaking gaze, or starting tear,
Admiring crowds the *peerless pleader* hear,
A Nation's honour, and a Party's shame*
Breathes in his voice, and blushes in his fame.
So GALILEO, mid a world of night,
Rose, like a sun, in mental treasures bright,
Rich in the rays that powerful genius spread
Where favour'd Florence lifts her blooming head;
Deaf as her hills, and ruder far than they,
Triumphant Folly bore the prize away,

Falsehood and Envy, to *her* mandate true,
With stormy breath each ripening hope pursue,
Cloud following cloud, yet Truth eternal shone,
Till Time and Glory made his fame their own.

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Since these are thine, IMPERIAL BOSTON, say,
Does rich reward their mental wealth repay?
Or *phantom* honours, and *reluctant* praise
Light without warmth the desert of their days?
Or SLANDER, Envy's child, with busied care,
From the fine front its graceful laurel tear,
Striving, unbless'd, to wreath the serpent there?
Shame on the heartless hope, in vain appear
The smiles, that brighten round thy varied year,
Though kind the culture of thy ample plain,
And rich the isles that gem its circling main,
Though where thy streets in pillar'd pomp are seen,
The proud hill mingling with its rural green,
Wins every breeze that floats on zephyr-wing,
Health and her lightly-warbled song to bring,
Though the lov'd *Mall* each touching feature show,
And warm with life in moving landscapes glow,
These but the drapery of a form arise,
Where the mind palsies and the feeling dies.
Few, and unpriz'd thy *sons of science* rove,
No eye to gladden, and no heart to move,
While every Muse, with heaven-instructed strain,
Would wake the harp or woo the lute in vain;
GENIUS, THOU GIFT OF GOD, to thee belong
The base man's insult, and the oppressor's wrong!
Nor thine the boast, that prosperous trade bestows,
Ne'er to thy hope the golden Indus flows,
But thine that *poverty* to heaven allied,*
That meek Disdain, which Virtue lends to Pride,
Though sunk to earth, thy soft imploring eye
See many a *Levite* pass unheeded by,
Conscious of innate worth, not *Mockery*'s wile,
Nor chill'd *Neglect*, nor *Wealth*'s contemptuous smile,

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* *A Party's shame*, must be understood as bearing particular allusion to the result of a late trial, which party malice, first rendering political, failed not to pursue with the rancour of personal abuse and injustice.

* *Blessed be ye poor, for yours is the kingdom of heaven*, says the MOST SUBLIME OF ALL AUTHORITIES.

Nor *Pity*'s vaunting sneer, nor *Envy*'s frown
Are known to BEAR THE UNBLIGHTED SPIRIT DOWN.
Pensive thy solitary sufferers seem,
The sport of Fortune, yet of Fame the theme,
Vain were to them the venal world's regard
WITH HEAVEN THEIR HOPE, AND NATURE THEIR REWARD.

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CARADOC.

For The Port Folio.

SOUND POLITICKS.

The Monthly Reviewers, criticising an answer to War in Disguise, or Remarks upon the New Doctrine of England concerning Neutral Trade, printed at New-York, and since reprinted in London, observe, that "It is not a little curious that the Americans, combatting this doctrine on various grounds, should assign novelty as one of the objections to which it is liable, when it is *confessedly* of a more ancient date *than their existence as a Republick*. They cannot without committing *felo de se*, represent every thing that has sprung up in modern times, as unfit, on that account, to be tolerated: for, in that case, *how would their political independence stand?* The goodly principle which has roused the zeal of our American brethren, which has called forth their dormant powers, and exhibited to view their dexterous disputants, is this: "Let England and France war against each other forever, provided we are allowed to enjoy undisturbed the commerce which their quarrel throws open. No matter what may be the injury thus occasioned to one of the parties, and though that party be one which, on many grounds, has claims to our respect and gratitude; though the independence of the world and our own, as included in it, should be surrendered to his exertions; though all this be so, America cannot forego any part of a commerce the sweets of which she has once tasted; *her object is the profit of traffick*, but she will hold herself out as the champion of neutral rights. What if England allows her to supply all her demands from the colonies of her enemy; what if she has opened to her all the ports of her vast territories in the East; what if relations, mutually beneficial, unite the two States; Is America on that account to resign *commercial profit?*" In answer, be it remembered that these profits result from a traffick, that cherishes and nurtures the power, which holds in chains the continent of Europe; and which, *but for England*, would, in the space of one short year, involve in his vassalage *every transatlantick Briton*, and crush the rising prosperity of the western world. It is thus circumstanced that the advocates of the United States think it decent to *inveigh against England*, and, like a *wayward child*, to *read lectures* to a *parent*, who *stands between them and destruction*.

"We are, however, of opinion, that to this *young power*, some *indulgence* ought to be shown, and that it will be wise and becoming in us *to pardon her follies and even her freaks*. The passions must be allowed to cool, in order that Reflection may recover her proper province, and the good sense of that country may regain its just sway. America is yet of *tender age*; she will gain experience and wisdom as she advances, and she will learn to act in a manner not unworthy of her affinity. ENGLAND AND AMERICA MUST NOT QUARREL; it would be as unwise as it is unnatural; and *we are sure that it will not be the case;* but that forbearance and condescension will be shown here, while heat will not always continue there. America must consider the situation of England, and must reflect on the *interest* which she has in the struggle which the latter maintains; while England, in her turn, must make sacrifices to the *ruling passion** of the *juvenile* state. We have no fear as to the result; for we

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* This same ruling passion of our republican faction the editor reverently presumes is *avarice*.

trust in the liberality of the present government of Britain, and in the good sense which is the predominant feature of our American brethren. Let them bury their jealousies; let each qualify her selfishness. *Let them draw together more closely the ties which unite them*, and LET THEM STRENUOUSLY COOPERATE TO SUPPORT THE INDEPENDENCE OF NATIONS AND THE HAPPINESS OF THE WORLD! THIS IS THEIR TRUE POLICY, THEIR SUBSTANTIAL INTEREST, AND THE COURSE WHICH WILL LEAD THEM TO SECURITY AND GLORY!"

MANNERS

Of Modern Paris, in the Month of October last.

A philosophical writer, under the pretext of giving the world a picture of Paris, has published six large volumes, which are much admired by foreigners. We will do justice to his intentions, and not read his book. He is a charming fellow; thinks in the street; writes about every post he comes to; and knows every thing, except the art of pleasing, and standing still. He has written six volumes on Paris. I shall give a few pages on the same subject, for I hate nothing so much as prolixity.

At Paris, every body builds and every body speculates: there some amuse, many ruin, and very few enrich themselves. The multitude live by the hopes and the follies of the opulent upstarts.

The *literati* excite very little sensation at Paris, because the spirit of books interests nobody, since the spirit of business has taken possession of every mind. Let us likewise acknowledge, that very little genius is requisite to compose a novel, and that none is necessary for a tragedy, which is first read with presumption, performed with confidence, praised with tumult, kept up with great expense, and is totally destitute of every qualification that can command success.

The Drama, it is true, is rather neglected, and for this very reason, because the theatres are so uncommonly well frequented: however paradoxical this observation may at first sight appear, it is nevertheless true. The Opera has only one male and one female singer, and two skilful dancers; the legs of the one, indeed, are rather old, and the head of the other rather young. Madame Branchu has a charming voice, great skill, taste, and what, I believe, is denominated manner; but she is not competent to the part of Armida, nor to that of Dido: consider her in whatever way you please, she is too small either on a throne or in a palace. The chorusses are very ill adapted, nay, almost foreign to the action; and those who execute them have the folly to use their spying-glasses, and to laugh, while they are singing the disasters of Greece. It is, upon the whole, a tedious and magnificent spectacle; what is done there only proves what might be done. The number of the audience is too great, and that of the actors too small: there is too much dancing, too few ballets, too much musick, and too little singing. Winther has failed, but Castor is kept up by means of Gardel and Dupaty.

At the Theatre Français, the elegant and accomplished Fleury evinces that grace may be acquired. Dugazon has brought to perfection the unfortunate profession of a buffoon. Dazincourt keeps up, with admirable spirit, the tone of comedy; beloved on the stage, esteemed in social life, he evinces that a good actor, as well as a great writer, always has something of his character in his talent. Mademoiselle Georges is rising, and Mademoiselle Duchesnois sinking; the one seeks instructors, the other panegyrists. A wrong estimate is formed of both; few have the courage to be now of the same opinion they will be ten years hence. Talma combines, in certain parts, the applause of the present age and that of posterity.

The comick opera continues to excite more regret than hope. Here are some little, and tolerably handsome young ladies, who sing pretty well, play wretchedly, and laugh with an air of self-sufficiency which proves

that they know not what they are doing. Ellevion is a fine actor, Martin a fine singer, but Madame St. Aubin and Madame Gourhier are capital actresses. Chenard has a good voice, a physiognomy for all his parts, and a happy mediocrity which never tires. The other theatres are not worthy of notice, except that of Louvois, which is frequented on account of Picard.

A taste for the drama makes no alteration in the manners of society. There is at Paris, an hour in which all appear equally rich, converse on the same subjects, and occupy themselves with the same things. Pleasure seems to be the only employment, and gaiety the prevailing characteristick. What shall we say to the opinion of Marivaux, who maintained—that people who are not offended by any thing, are not fitter for society, than those who take offence at every thing?

Reading and study are almost totally relinquished. How many things are there which it is dangerous to learn, and how many others, the knowledge of which is of no service! Fame is no longer the object to which we aspire, but wealth! Our very authours are a kind of literary financiers. There are undertakers and composers of histories, travels, new plays, necrologies, &c. It was formerly said that the sciences knew no differences of rank, but rather destroyed them, and conferred distinctions, which persons of the highest quality could not always attain. This fashion is past, the present generation takes delight in what is ridiculous.

As it was absolutely necessary to be rich in order to enjoy pleasure, the exteriour of happiness, and a kind of consideration, no means are left untried to obtain wealth. Were any one to follow the path of virtue, I am convinced that he would procure applause, were it only because he would have very few competitors.

A talent which is on the decline at Paris, is that of conversation. Every thing is absorbed in the vortex of gaming. People in years still retain some sparks of gaiety; but, upon the whole, nothing is more insipid, frivolous, more silly, than a handsome woman with whom you are not in love. You almost affront her if you speak to her of any thing else than her face. Nothing is so affected, so methodical, so full of pretensions, as ladies of this description; they rule despotically over your conversation, your taste, your ideas. But nothing is so formal, so disgusting, as a woman of genius, who writes little books and reads them to great connoisseurs. One of these ladies lately said to me, "To speak much and well, is the talent of the *bel esprit;* to speak little and well, is the character of the wise man; to speak much and ill, is the manner of the insipid fool; to speak little and ill, is the unfortunate fate of the silly." "And to speak like you, Madame," replied I, "is to speak like a book." She blushed, and has not since invited me to her house.

Scarcely any but foreigners frequent the Garden of Plants, the Libraries, the Museum, the works in the Louvre, the publick monuments, which are the luxury of great empires, and the ornaments of their capitals. The inhabitants of Paris have so many occupations to attend to, so many invitations to dinners which they cannot refuse, so many solicitations which they have promised to make, so many unprofitable or sacred assignations, so many letters to write, so many ladies to console, so many interesting men to visit, that the morrow always surprises them before they have commenced the business of the day.

Laughing is out of fashion at Paris; in the promenades people yawn; in the saloons of company they play; at the theatres they roar; in the city they affect to prefer the country; and in the country they propagate the occupations of the city. Every one is eager to change his condition. He is a *capable* man who relinquishes the profession in which he lived obscure and tranquil, to aspire to a place of uncertain duration, and which is sure to ruin him who holds it.

"What is Mr. Such-a-one doing?" "*Il est nul,*" is the reply. "Nobody speaks of him." So much the better

for him. What can be said of a quiet peaceable man, who, satisfied with the mediocrity of his lot, seeks not to raise himself by means of intrigue, but spends his days in the select circle of retired souls, in the bosom of the arts and of friendship!

In my opinion, the Parisians surpass all other people in a taste for the pleasures of the table (*gourmandiser*): we have a poem on *Gastronomy;* and *Almanach des Gourmands*, a *Journal des Gourmands*, and all these works have an astonishing sale. A celebrated *restaurateur* is a person of importance; there is nothing to which he may not aspire. In like manner, a good cook is a very reputable *artist;* he generally has some little foibles; he is addicted to drink, rather given to stealing and dishonesty, rather insolent, rather brutal, rather lazy, rather profligate; but his talent compensates for these trifling defects. The masters make a jest of and forgive them. For the rest, people do not eat, but devour; and voracity belongs, in some measure, to the *bon ton.*

In another half century, the people of Paris will go abroad only on horseback, or in coaches; its size is prodigious. A splenetick calculator asserts, that the more houses there are in Paris, the fewer inhabitants it will contain. Population is in an inverse ratio to luxury.

THE FINE ARTS.

Relinquishing, for the present, the publication of many valuable papers, with which we have been recently favoured, we assign a *front* department and an ample space to the following ingenious and elegant harangue, pronounced by GEORGE CLYMER, Esq. at the opening of the Pennsylvania Academy of the FINE ARTS in this city. On this interesting occasion, the Editor was delighted to find the company numerous, and the most unequivocal proofs of a spirit of munificence, combined with a judgment satisfied, and a taste charmed with the admirable specimens of ancient genius, which attracted the general gaze. The Editor cannot omit this opportunity of speaking with great emphasis of the address of the orator. Mr. Clymer on this pleasing occasion displayed great propriety and liberality of thought, associated with great felicity of expression. We warmly wish that his most sanguine expectations, with respect to the general glory of Philadelphia, and the advancement of this liberal institution in particular, may be fully realized. What he asserts of the glowing charities and the increasing magnificence of the METROPOLIS of our Empire is unquestionably just; and the Editor, who came hither as a stranger and a pilgrim, would be the most ungrateful of mankind, if he did not cordially join in the praise of Philadelphia. While from his NATAL TOWN the infancy of his literary labours received no fostering care, Philadelphia has adopted him as her own, and cherishes him with all the warmth of maternal regard. The vivid recollection of the benignity of *individual* and general friendship, habitually manifested to him by those classes of Philadelphia society, with whom it is the greatest honour to be connected, inspires the most grateful emotions. This highly favoured city has, in the inimitable language of the Bible, "A *south* land, and springs of water." May she experience all the blessings of *the upper and the nether springs.* May her garners continue to be full, affording all manner of store. As the teribinthus of the ancients may she stretch out branches; and be those branches the branches of HONOUR and of GRACE. May she flourish like *a rose growing by the brook of the field*, and yield a pleasant *odour like the best myrrh and sweet storax*, and as the FUME OF FRANKINCENSE IN THE TABERNACLE.

In a city of such immense resources, liberal spirit, and golden prospects, an establishment, designed to form the taste, to excite the genius, and to promote the renown of America, looks for support to the munificent temper of individuals and to publick curiosity. With a union of pleasure and pride, we are happy to state that by the fervid zeal of the directors, by the general generosity of the members of the institution, and the increasing spirit of publick patronage, the finances of the Academy are in a promising, and we venture to predict, will soon be in a prosperous and flourishing condition. This elegant resort for all enlightened spirits, is becoming more and more a fashionable *lounge;* and we are convinced that in a short time we shall see this temple of taste thronged not only with the saunterers and the daughters of fashion, but by youthful artists emulous to excel. Already we see many an *American* genius worshipping with an artist's ardour at the feet of the Venus de Medici and at the shrine of the Apollo Belvidere. This, together with the dawn of domestick patronage, which, at length, in spite of dark clouds, begins to shine upon the brow of Genius, is contemplated by the writer of this article with the most heart-felt satisfaction. It is the *day spring* of talents. It is the

gay harbinger of our nation's glory. We hail it, as the Sicilian shepherd, chill'd by the nocturnal air of his native mountains, salutes the gorgeous sun of midsummer.

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Philadelphia, April 15, 1807.

The opening of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, appointed for this day, says the editor of the United States Gazette, was very generally attended by the contributors. It is but justice to the directors to say, that the number and selection of casts they have imported, do great honour to their exertions. The figures are from the choicest pieces of statuary in Europe, and arranged with taste and judgment, formed a splendid exhibition, and gave universal satisfaction. The following appropriate address on the occasion, was delivered by GEORGE CLYMER, Esq. President of the institution.

The Directors of this Institution, having fixed on a day for opening the building, dedicated, by your liberality to the fine arts, they now call you together to witness how the trust committed to them has been executed. And intending at the same time, a short address to you, its founders and patrons, the task of its delivery, from the avocations of some gentlemen, has fallen upon me.

With this exposure of their work, it would be well if the directors could say that the funds so generously supplied, had been equal to the objects. And that they could speak confidently of their saving management in the expenditure, but this, I fear, would be a questionable theme. The truth indeed is, that the cost has exceeded the estimate! The calculations of inexperienced zeal are seldom just: And besides, they have been less intent on sparing your money, than solicitous to advance your reputation. And they have, perhaps, fallen into that mistake which is ever fortunate when it gives birth to schemes of publick usefulness that might, otherwise, not have been undertaken.

This acknowledgment notwithstanding I shall present you with nothing like a statement or account, with its deficient balance—this will come from another quarter, together with a plan from the directors for relieving the Academy from some present embarrassments, as well as for supplying the means of placing it on a firmer and broader establishment.

If the contemplation of the pieces of exquisite workmanship that encircle you, would of itself impart a knowledge, as it will create an admiration of the art that produced them, you might expect something in this address, upon its principles—some indeed, there are, among us, who have a professional acquaintance with such subjects—but these are few, and the rest, not particularly instructed, are, I trust, not inclined to supply the defect of science, by the affectation of taste or the cant of connoisseurship: their business is not to offer the proofs of any present skill, but to lay the foundation, to furnish the means of the future attainment: and on this, none need apprehend the failure of success—No nation has the proud monopoly of Genius, or can make itself, its exclusive seat; wherever there are men, there Genius is to be found. Besides the universality of this grant of nature, instances sufficient are in evidence that we have not been omitted in the dispensation—Our country, it is true, has produced chiefly the bud or germ; for the development or expansion of the natural talent, with some very respectable exceptions, it has been, as yet, much indebted to the fostering care of some other. Hence in one of the most pleasing departments of the arts, a West, a Copley, a Stuart, and a Trumbull, who might have withered and declined in the native bed, by transplantation into a more improved soil, have arrived at the fullest growth of excellence. In this home establishment you provide what may make such excellence all your own—a school for study, a field for competition: and become, moreover, the instruments in diffusing a taste, throughout, to ensure general encouragement, and particular patronage.

If your just pride should be excited, from this one consideration, not to neglect a child of your own, it may be no less picqued by another.

The visitors to us from another hemisphere, before the era of our revolution, came to a new country, with

dispositions to estimate us, more by our advance on the course, than by our distance from the goal: and they were pleased to find that in its nonage, it had proceeded so far in culture and refinement. Those of latter days, now that we have cut the cord of foreign dependance, and set up for ourselves, discover a very different humour. Overlooking or derogating from whatever is valuable or praiseworthy, aggravating some blemishes, and contemning all things, in a new scene, which they have not the faculty to understand—instead of presenting a likeness of the country, they have disfigured it with a moral and physical caricature; insomuch that the notion they have succeeded, in their books of travels, in impressing upon the too willing belief of the ancient world, is that it demands the hardihood of a Ledyard, or of a Mungo Parke, to explore the miseries of our wilderness, and to encounter the barbarity of our manners.

Witnesses of the diligent habits, and various enterprise of the American people, they ascribe to avarice what is due to freedom, which always prompts the labours of man by the assurance it gives that the fruit is all his own; and they insist with a wonderful harmony of detraction, that all our pursuits are selfish; and that going straight forward in one sordid path, there is nothing sufficiently powerful to allure us from it, either to the right hand or to the left.

Your effectual support of this institution, wherein no personal motive can be pretended, will be so far a practical contradiction of the libel, and prove its best refutation.

Nevertheless, objections will be made to your design, as a departure from accustomed simplicity: between simplicity and refinement, or, if you will, luxury, the question has been frequent and undecided; but if luxury be a consequential evil of the progress of our country, a better question perhaps it would be, How is it to be withstood? Where an unrestricted and unoppressed industry gains more than simplicity requires, the excess, as it cannot be pent up, will be employed upon gratifications beyond it—how retain the cause and repress the effect? Philosophy and the laws would here teach in vain! Where a constantly rising flood cannot be banked out, the waters should be directed into channels the least hurtful—so ought the exuberant riches, which would incline towards voluptuousness, to be led off to objects more innoxious—even to those of greater purity and innocence; those that will not pamper the senses, but rather amuse, if not instruct the understanding; and it may, with some truth be observed, that those who carry the whole fruit of an assiduous and successful toil to the common hoard of national wealth, undiminished by any waste of it, but on the few wants of simplicity, contribute with most effect to the refinements or luxuries, to which in their practice they seemed most averse.

Such being the consequence of a growing opulence, the alternative would be, not as between simplicity and luxury, but between the grosser and more refined species of the latter. Where is the room then for hesitation in the choice?

But are our particular objects alone to be cherished? Are none else worthy of our care? This is best answered by remarking that ours are well suited to a voluntary society; that all the liberal arts are of a kindred spirit—kindling at each other's flame; that as members of the same family, they have a mutual sympathy and relation: naturally flourishing together; the best examples in poetry, eloquence, and history, being always contemporary with those of sculpture, painting, and architecture. In this institution you directly or indirectly promote them all.

The mechanick arts, we mean those of the more ingenious and elegant kinds, not failing of the inspiration, the workman in them is converted into an artist, and they partake of the common benefit. Even fashion, which always comes in as a beauty, and goes out as a deformity—Fashion on whose inces-

sant change the judgment takes so little part, may be brought more under the dominion of taste, with her "fixed principles and fancy ever new."

But a stronger incentive to second your original efforts remains,—your interest in the national reputation. Men identifying themselves with their country, take it with a salutary prejudice to their bosoms, and I trust not only from this natural bias, for which we have the strongest pleas, but that we have a pride in whatever tends, in the world's estimation to exalt the character of our city, and that we gratulate ourselves on its numerous institutions, which regard our charities, our civil economy and police, and extending in not a few to the interests of literature and the sciences—among which may be particularly distinguished the Philosophical Society, the very extensive publick library—the museum, that spirited labour of an individual, and the enlarged medical school—An establishment for the Fine Arts is now our principal desideratum, and perhaps more than all, in adding to its attractions, may contribute to determine the choice of the hesitating stranger to Philadelphia as the desirable seat of reason and politeness.

A further doubt than what has been suggested may be urged against your design. It is whether your country has reached that point of exaltation which calls for, or justifies it?

Let him who may suggest the doubt, bear this truth in mind, that every civilized and intelligent community, naturally rises in its condition, and that it is only from the defect of wholesome principles in the political association where this consequence is not perceived; it is indeed chiefly in arbitrary monarchies, in which the whole being of less account in the eye of government than the individual at the head, and the universal good held in subordination to his particular interest, where this tendency is resisted or a country made stationary or retrograde.

The forms and objects of our various American governments are of this tendency, and when improved by experience, and ameliorated by time, they will as we are bound to hope, be the guarantees of our growth and prosperity. But there are other contributary causes—a geographical position and figure, the most favourable to a foreign commerce—and to supply it, the double fertility of spring and autumn: so unusual to regions of our temperature, with a rapid agricultural improvement. An increase of population unknown to any modern time, and now proceeding at an accelerated pace. Those we may say, are the principles that as a nation have already carried us the full length of some, and those not the *least* considerable, of the European states—and having seen their effect in part, we may prophecy the rest, that we are destined to a rank and station with the *most* considerable.

These few considerations, as the subject will be enlarged on by your own reflections, have been thought sufficient by the directors for this occasion—and with these few, they venture to solicit the continuance of your support to this object of your munificence. To solicit, indeed, is unnecessary—It is enough, they are persuaded, to hint that the institution is still in need of the hand that raised it—that without it, it may decline to a mere monument of abortive zeal, ominous of future undertakings, instead of what it ought to be, the standing evidence of a successful labour, so highly creditable to your city and to yourselves.

Not that the directors mean to confine themselves to the original patrons—their hope does not rest solely on your liberality: trusting that many there are of a congenial spirit, yet untried, who, following in your steps, will cheerfully incline to assist your views.

—

At a meeting of the members of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, in the hall of the academy,

The following resolutions having passed the board of directors, were proposed and unanimously adopted, to wit:

Whereas this society has obtained a charter of incorporation, and by the aid of voluntary contributions, has become possessed of a valuable appropriate building, erected under their own authority and direction; and also of a considerable importation of casts, from the most celebrated collections of statuary. For the purposes of more firmly establishing the said institution, and rendering it commensurate with the laudable intention of its supporters, *Be it resolved*,

1. That the rights and property of the society shall be divided into 300 shares.

2. That every subscriber of 50 dollars in cash, and paying an annual subscription of 2 dollars, shall receive a certificate of proprietorship, for one share, to be held in perpetuity by himself, his heirs or assigns.

3. Transfers of shares may be made by the proprietors in person, or by attorney, with the approbation of any three of the directors, and in the presence of the president or treasurer, subject always to the said annual payment of two dollars; and the proprietor of each share of stock for the time being, shall be entitled to a free admission into the academy at all times within the hours appointed for publick exhibition.

4. The building having been erected on two lots taken on annual ground rents for the purpose, *Resolved*, That the surplusage arising from the annual payment of two dollars on each share, after the payment of the said ground rents, shall be solely applied to the forming a sinking fund, until the sum is sufficient to purchase off and extinguish the same, unless other means be adopted for that purpose.

5. That the monies which shall hereafter, be received from the subscription for shares, shall be duly applied in the following order, to wit: first, to the discharge of the present claims on the society, for materials and work applied to the building—Second, to the discharge of all monies now held on loan—Third, that the remainder, together with the revenue arising from the exhibition, after deducting the salary of the attendant and other contingent expenses, shall be applied to the further promotion of the objects of the institution.

6. Those who are now subscribers under 50 dollars, shall be invited to make up their subscriptions to that amount—and such as decline doing so, shall have a free ticket, and enjoy all the rights to which they are now entitled, but shall not be considered as share-holders on the terms of these resolutions,

7. All subscribers to the institution, either by contribution or loan, who incline to become share holders as aforesaid, may be credited the amount of their subscription, or any part thereof, in payment for such shares of stock as they shall respectively apply for.

LEVITY.

Among the sweet singers and sweeter songstresses, who compose our musical private parties, as well as at every publick serenade, no song appears more popular than the gallant invocation of the well bred WALPOLE to the Sleeping Beauty, with whom he was enamoured,

Rise, Cynthia, rise.

Now as a parody of a popular song will always excite a temporary interest, and generally beguile the lounger of some of his cares, let us make the attempt and sneer at the *democrats*. By our art potential we will, with Ovidian dexterity, metamorphose a lying gazette into an ideal goddess, and invoke her in manner following:

Rise, *Aurora*, rise:
Rise, *Aurora*, rise:
The *factious* tribe on tiptoe stand,
To view thy smutty face,
Mammoth, with *philosophick* eyes,
Sees none more fair in all his race.

The *swinish herd* who round thee *gape*,
Will draw fresh venom from thine eye,
Then ah in pity,
Then ah in pity,
In pity to Duane,
Do not in drunken slumbers lie.

VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,
In the light air waves the willow;
Every thing of moving kind
VARIES with the veering wind:
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,
Measur'd sighs, and roundelay,
Welcome all! BUT DO NOT STAY.
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

—

Cadell and Davies, London, have published an Account of the Life and Writings of David Hume, Esq. By Thomas Edward Ritchie.

—

MUNIFICENCE OF A MONARCHY.

His Majesty has been graciously pleased to grant a pension of 200*l.* per annum to Mr. Campbell, authour of "*The Pleasures of Hope*," a poem of well known merit.

—

Robert Semple, authour of "*Walks and Sketches at the Cape of Good Hope*," and formerly a frequent writer in The Port Folio, has just published, "*Charles Ellis; or the Friends*," a novel, comprising the incidents and observations occurring on a voyage to the Brazils and West-Indies, actually performed by the writer.

—

Charlotte Smith has printed an octavo volume of elegant poetry, with the title of "*Beachy Head.*"

—

Messrs. C. & R. Baldwin have published a very curious work: *The Climate of Great Britain;* containing an inquiry into the changes it has undergone, particularly within the last fifty years, accounting for the increasing humidity, and consequent cloudiness and coldness of our springs and summers, with their effects on the vegetable and animal economy: including various experiments to ascertain the causes of such changes, arrest their progress, and counteract their effects; interspersed with numerous philological facts and observations, illustrative of the process in vegetation, and the connexion between the phenomena of the weather, and the productions of soil. By John Williams, Esq.

It is with great pleasure that we announce to our readers the publication of a new work entitled the "*Caricature Magazine;*" being a collection of the best caricatures from original designs. By W. M. Woodward, Esq.

—

The Rev. John Wool, late Fellow of New College, *Oxford*, has published in a superb quarto, with a portrait of Dr. Warton, from an original picture, a sketch of his monument in Winchester Cathedral, and a facsimile of his hand writing, price 1*l* 7*s* in boards, Biographical Memoirs of the late Rev. Joseph Warton, D. D. Master of St. Mary Winton College; Prebendary of Winchester Cathedral; and Rector of the parishes of Wickham and Upton, Hants. To which are added, a selection from his works, and a literary correspondence between eminent persons, reserved by him for publication.

—

By the close application which Addison gave, when at college, to the study of the Greek and Roman classicks, "he caught," says Mr. Tickell, "their language and manner, as strongly as other young people gain a French accent or a genteel air. An early acquaintance with the classicks is what may be called the good breeding of poetry, as it gives a certain gracefulness which never forsakes a mind that contracted it in youth, but is seldom or never hit by those who would learn it too late. There is not, perhaps, any harder task than to tame the natural wildness of wit, and to civilize the fancy. The generality of our old English poets abound in forced conceits and affected phrases; and even those who are said to come the nearest to exactness, are but too fond of the unnatural beauties, and aim at something better than perfection. If Mr. Addison's example and precepts be the occasion that there now begins to be a greater demand for correctness, we may justly attribute it to his being first fashioned by the ancient models, and familiarized to propriety of thought and chastity of style."

Comparison between Fox and Pitt.

The sweetness of Mr. Fox's disposition displayed itself even in his argumentative warfare. The sarcasm of Mr. Pitt was terrible; it burned to the bone; his heart seemed to go along with it; it bore the aspect rather of an effort to hurt the adversary's feelings, than to serve his own argument. The hearer was astonished and admired his powers, but felt his heart instinctively engaged on the side of the sufferer. He showed the object through the glass, which magnified its bad features to a disproportioned size. On the contrary, Mr. Fox, in his sarcasm, which he rarely used, seemed desirous to represent his adversary just as he was. His luminous effusions of irony threw a blaze of light over the object, and held it there till it was seen by every one in its own plain shape; and, as he seldom employed his sarcasm against any one who did not deserve it, the exposure of that shape was enough for his purpose. All were delighted with his attick wit; but none, sometimes not even the objects of it, felt angry. Mr. Pitt, never, when he was vehement in this way, carried along with him the hearts of his auditors. Compared with Mr. Fox's, his satire might be called excruciation. The furies of Juvenal flamed in Mr. Pitt's, the amenity of Horace shone in that of his great adversary.

—

The late Mr. Pitt.—It deserves to be recorded of this illustrious statesman, that he beguiled the last hours of his tedious illness by the perusal of Miss Owenson's Novel of St. Dominick. This was, in fact, the last amusement of his mind, and the last employment in which he engaged himself.

MERRIMENT.

A showman, exhibiting at Eton, pointed out in his box, all the crowned heads in the world, and being asked by the schoolboys who looked through the glass, which was the Emperour? which the Pope? which the Sultan? and which the Great Mogul? exclaimed eagerly, "which you please, young gentlemen; which you please."

—

Bonomi, the Italian architect, walking along Pall-Mall, wrote the following pasquinade on one of the columns, which, contrary to every rule and principle of architecture, stand insulated in the front of Carleton House, supporting nothing:

Care colonne
Che fate quà
" Non lo sappiamo
" In veritâ,"

Ah! my dear columns,
Why stand ye so?
" Indeed, my good Sir,
" We do not know."

—

George Hanger taking the air in Hyde Park, an observation was made on the indecency of persons bathing in the Serpentine river. " It is, indeed," said George, " very indecent to see so many girls running about naked."—" *Girls!*" said a young lady, " they are *boys*."—I ask your pardon, madam," returned he; I find I have been mistaken; as they had no clothes on, I did not know; *but I yield to your superiour judgment.*"

—

A tradesman finding his circumstances irretrievably involved, put a period to his existence in the canal in Hyde Park. A gentleman asking Mr. Deputy Birch, who he knew had been acquainted with the man, how he came to *drown himself?* The deputy answered, " Because he could not *keep his head above water.*"

—

Caleb Whitefoord purchased the chambers he now possesses in the Adelphi from his friend Mr. Browne. When the latter was erecting the balcony in front of them, Mr. Whitefoord observed, that it was very *disinterested* in him. " How disinterested?" said Mr. Browne, " because you can have *no view in it?*"

—

An Italian Prince, whose dominions were not very extensive, being informed that a certain Frenchman at

court had spoken rather sneeringly of him and his intentions, sent to him to say he banished him his kingdom, and gave him three days to depart. "He is too bountiful," replied the Frenchman, "to grant me so much time; three quarters of an hour would be quite sufficient."

—

Knight, passing the evening among some friends in the city, was requested, in his turn, to favour the company with a song; he politely declined it, alledging that he was so indifferent a performer, that any attempt of his would rather disgust than entertain. One of the company, however, asserted that he had a very good voice, and said, he had frequently had the pleasure of hearing him sing.—"That may be," resumed the wit, "but as I am not a freeman, I have no *voice in the city*."

—

When Mr. Erskine ingeniously compared a fine woman, deserted by her husband, to *a loose fish*, in the case of Esten *v.* the Duke of Hamilton, Mr. Jekyll said his learned friend had certainly borrowed the figure from Horace, who, on a different occasion, says,

Desinit in Piscem Mulier formosa superne.

—

When Lord Thurlow was at the bar, his clerk was reading to him, one day, a legal instrument, and when he came to the part, "*I do devise all that farm*," &c. &c. he was seized with so violent a fit of coughing, that he could not proceed: on which the testy lawyer exclaimed, "Read on, *with a curse to you—your* heirs *and their* heirs *forever*."

—

A young nobleman, not remarkable for punctuality in the payment of his bills, once called upon the Margravine of Anspach in an elegant new phaeton, and at parting begged she would come to the door just to look at it. "'Tis very pretty," said he, "and I have it on a *new plan*."—"Before I set my eyes on it, my lord," said she, "I am afraid you have it on the *old* plan—*never to pay for it*."

A barrister, in the Court of King's Bench, describing the bad usage of a high-bred horse, said that the animal had for some time been employed in dragging heavy loads, and fed on *coarse old hay*, till the animal himself *demurred* to the treatment. "He should not have *demurred*," replied Mr. Erskine, "now the winter season is over; he had better have *put himself on the country*."

—

As Mr. Cunningham, the late pastoral poet, was fishing on a Sunday, he was observed by the Rev. Mr. B. who severely reprimanded him for thus profaning the sabbath. The poor man heard him with meekness, and then replied, "If your dinner was at the bottom of the river, like mine, you would angle for it too."

—

A poor woman, whose husband kept his bed, with a lingering illness, went to a neighbouring physician, who kindly gave her a prescription, and directed her to the chemist to get it made up. When finished, the man stupidly wrote on it, "to be taken in a proper vehicle." Now "vehicle" was a word so far beyond the good woman's capacity, she thought no one but the clergyman of the parish learned enough to explain its meaning. Not showing him the label, she merely asked him "What was a vehicle?" He replied, a phaeton, a curricle, a landau, a whiskey, or a wheelbarrow. The last of these terms exactly suited her comprehension, and she returned home vastly pleased, where she actually made her husband rise, come down stairs, get into a wheelbarrow, take his physick, and go to bed again.

For The Port Folio.

TRIBUTE TO GREATNESS.

The death of GEN. HAMILTON was described, in a publick assembly, as a great national misfortune. A gentleman who subsequently touched upon the same topicks, adverting to this point, remarked, that, "The death of

GEN. HAMILTON has been described as a great publick calamity. No one more sincerely and sorrowfully accords in this sentiment than I do. Would to God that this were the time and place, and that I possessed adequate powers to pay due honours to the memory of that illustrious statesman: his august image should be deposited in the centre of the Temple of Fame. The Minervas should be situated, one on his right hand, and the other on his left. The goddess of peace, with her benignant train, should occupy the foreground; and Bellona, with her triumphant car, should be placed in the rear. His armorial bearings should be "the bird of day, gazing at the sun with a steadfast eye." Upon his escutcheon should be inscribed the texts of his policy; and around the venerable form, as a drapery, should be hung the symbols of national gratitude. Then should the ardent Genius of our country silently repair to the consecrated temple; there to contemplate the departed greatness of the orator, and the statesman, of the patriot, and the warriour. The lofty strains of his eloquence and the sublime precepts of his wisdom; the disinterested purity of his virtue; and the gallant generosity of his spirit, should animate and inspire the orators, the patriots, and the warriours of other and better ages. But it pleased Providence, whose wisdom we must not question, and whose ways we cannot fathom, at a period of political peril, and at a crisis of publick danger, to remove him from the scenes of terrestrial action; and apparently, ere the measure of his glory was full. Alas! this country was not bereaved of her champion by the ordinary dispensations of heaven; he did not breathe his last upon the bed of sickness, neither did he expire upon a bed of laurels in the arms of victory; but perished in private combat before a vindictive foe. As HAMILTON devoted his life to his country, and died a martyr to our cause, we will hallow his memory, and strive to emulate his virtues.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For The Port Folio.

A METAMORPHOSIS.

Ovid, a bard well known of old,
Of many a transformation told,
But ne'er so great a wonder knew
As we can tell, and prove it too.

In days when WASHINGTON presided,
When patriots firm our councils guided,
When some regard was paid to fame,
And honour was not thought a name;
Swift as the thunderbolt of Jove,
A bird descended from above,
Whose talons and whose beak declare
The strong-wing'd monarch of the air.
Perch'd on the Capitol he stood;
In his left talons grasp'd we view'd
An olive branch; his dexter bore
A sheaf of arrows dipt in gore.
But—strange to tell! when dastards came
To quench the bright and holy flame,
That glow'd in every patriot heart,
And griev'd we saw that flame depart,
Which once Columbia held so dear,
Ere taught a foreign frown to fear;
Ere her best interests were for sale;
Ere Jefferson had, in his scale,
Found, and to all his party told,
How light is honour weigh'd with gold;
Then—and although you well may stare,
The fact a thousand will declare;
The arrow-bearing bird became
A gander, spiritless and tame,
That seeks, with oary feet, to keep
In pools, afraid to tempt the deep;
Unfit to swim, to walk, to fly,
A squalling hiss his only cry,
And *pluck'd by every passer by.* A.——

—

For The Port Folio.

PAINS OF MEMORY.

A POEM.

"Canst thou not minister to mind diseas'd?
"Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow!
"Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
"And with some sweet oblivious antidote
"Cleanse the foul bosom of that perilous stuff
"Which weighs upon the heart?"

MACBETH.

Oh Memory! thou busy source of pain!
Thou actor of our miseries o'er again!
Thou harsh intruder! whose tormenting pow'r
Instilling thought, embitters every hour;
Forego thy bitter unrelenting sway,
Nor doom to horrours every coming day.
Ah! what avails Imagination's powers
With fancied bliss to cheat the tardy hours,
Whose sweet delusions banish care away
And to the mind bestow perpetual day;
If the sad soul is wrapt in constant woe
And all is one vast wilderness below;
How lovely, Nature, is thy varied scene!
Thy purple-tinted cloud and painted green!

What joy to see the dazzling orb of day
In rising splendour give the genial ray!
While every grove with feather'd musick sounds
And varied foliage deck the smiling grounds.
Silent and soothing is the evening hour;
Then sweet and pleasant is the woodbine bower;
When boisterous passions from their Victim fly
And freed from Earth his looks are fix'd on high.
The cold and pale fac'd Wand'rer of the night
With fainter beams imparts a silver light;
Yet oft the passing cloud obscures her blaze
Tho' brighter still it meets the ardent gaze.
Pleasant the murm'ring of the sea-beat shore
Where never ending, foaming billows roar,
While we along the sandy margin stray
Or from some mountain top the surge survey.
O wretched mortal! curs'd with memory's power,
Whose anguish'd mind feels torture every hour,
For you kind Nature lavishes in vain
The warbling woodland or the cheerful plain;
The hills and dales, the Sun's celestial light,
The foaming ocean and the orb of night;
The sweet asylum which the dark wood shows;
Where often times rapt inspiration glows
All pass thy vision in fantastick dreams
And this good Earth a sterile region seems.*
Say, from what source can memory impart,
One pleasing sense to sooth the murderer's heart?
When busy fancy brings the injur'd shade
To haunt his solitude—his peace invade?
The guilty wretch, who waded to the throne
Thro' kindred blood, from danger conscious grown,
Now, by the trembling limb and bloodless cheek
Betrays his crimes; nor can a refuge seek
From bleeding forms, who bare the mangled breast,
And to his frighten'd vision stand confest!—
Behold that wretched tyrant youth expire, †
His frame consum'd by more than mortal fire;
Stung by remorse, not all the charms of art
Could hush his cares, or ease his aching heart:
Each hour recals the bloody dreadful day,
When by his mandate thousands slaughter'd lay,
When in cold blood, confounding youth and age,
His wretched subjects felt his bigot rage.
Oh! friend to Virtue! whose all powerful aid,
Sooner or later owns the heav'nly maid;
Interrours cloth'd, the villain's mind assail,
And with just vengeance tear aside the veil
That from himself his hideous portrait hides,
And for his crimes a lasting scourge provides.

See the proud monument and marble bust
With useless pomp insult the humble dust;
Whilst gorgeous pageants more supremely show
That all *parade* is mockery of wo;
Unheeded by the father, lover, friend,
Who o'er the grave in silent anguish bend—
Will no kind genius watch the fatal hour,
And blunt the invidious tyrant's baleful power?
Lull with a Syren's spells the aching sense,
And to the mind oblivious aid dispense?
Ah! no,—for all is horrour and dismay;
While yet the husband hugs the breathless clay,
Ten thousand thousand sad illusions rise
To aid his anguish and increase his sighs—
Now is recall'd each hour, each happy day
That smooth'd the passage of life's dreary way;
Now do contrasted pleasures mock his woes,
And to impending grief, lost joys oppose.

When the loud gale's tempestuous force descends,
And sharpest light'ning Heav'n's vast concave rends;
Whilst thro' the crackling rigging howls the storm,

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* This goodly earth seems to me a sterile promontory. HAMLET.

† Charles IX, of France, the infamous cause of the massacre of St. Bartholomew's day, when 40,000 Protestants were slain.—For an account of the transaction, and his horrid death, see Voltaire's History, and Henriad, and Sully's Memoirs.

And nought prevails but tumult and alarm ;
Then to the youthful breast of him who roves,
Far from the mistress whom he fondly loves ;
Malicious memory proves her hated art
And emulates the vile tormentor's part.
O, cursed gold ! the source of various wo,
From whom our sorrows more than pleasures flow :
In search of thee, I brav'd the faithless seas,
To gain by added fortune future ease ;
For visionary wealth I wildly roam,
And madly leave my plighted love and home ;
Fool, not to know, that competence was bliss,
And certain happiness exchange for this!
Let me again behold my native shore,
And I will tempt th' uncertain waves no more.

But most, when madness rules th' unhappy hour
Must wretched man sustain thy keenest power ;
All other sense of joy or sorrows gone,
And the whole soul absorb'd with one alone.
Hail ! thou great master of the magick pen !
Whose piercing eyes beheld the hearts of men ;
Hast thou not forc'd the sympathetick tear
With the keen horrours of thy frenzied *Lear?*
When to his comfort ev'ry door was clos'd,
And bare he stood to pelting storms expos'd ;
The fretful elements contend in vain,
They hurt not him whose agonized brain
Dwells on a father's violated right,
And tells his sorrows in the ear of night,
While rain, and storm, and lightning, all conspire
To aid "th' unnatural hags" against their sire.
Remembrance, ever constant, points the pain,
Shows him his wrongs, and tells them o'er again ;
For when in lonely hovel he descries,
In seeming madness where sad Edgar lies,
Poor wretch, says he, thy fate is hard indeed ;
Nought but ingratitude has done this deed.
Hark ! the loud shriek and piercing cry assail,*
And bitter lamentations fill the gale ;
'Tis madness raves, for frenzy and despair
And moping melancholy, and gnawing care,
Alternate seize upon a father's brain,
And doom their victim to eternal pain.
The mournful scene is view'd from day to day;
The father's fondness and the infant's play ;
And now before him lies the breathless child,
Now grief unnerves, and now with anguish wild,
His sighs, his shrieks, invade Compassion's ear,
And force from harden'd man the social tear!
Such is the deep-wrought wo which memory gives,
And such the anguish while the sufferer lives ;
For, while she rests in his distracted brain,
Nor happiness, nor joy are his again.

(*To be continued.*)

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* Garrick was acquainted with a worthy man in Goodman's Fields; this friend had an only daughter two years old; he stood at his dining room window fondling his child and dangling it in his arms, when it was his misfortune to drop the infant into a flagged area, and killed it on the spot—He remained at his window screaming in agonies of grief; the neighbours flocked to the house, took up the child, and delivered it dead to the unhappy father, who wept bitterly, and filled the street with lamentations. He lost his senses, and from that moment never recovered his understanding.

Garrick went frequently to see his distracted friend, who passed the remainder of his life in going to the window, and there playing in fancy with his child. After some dalliance, he dropped it, and bursting into a flood of tears, filled the house with grief and bitter anguish. He then sat down in a pensive mood, his eyes fixed on one object, at times looking slowly around him as if to implore compassion. *Murphy's Life of Garrick.*

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